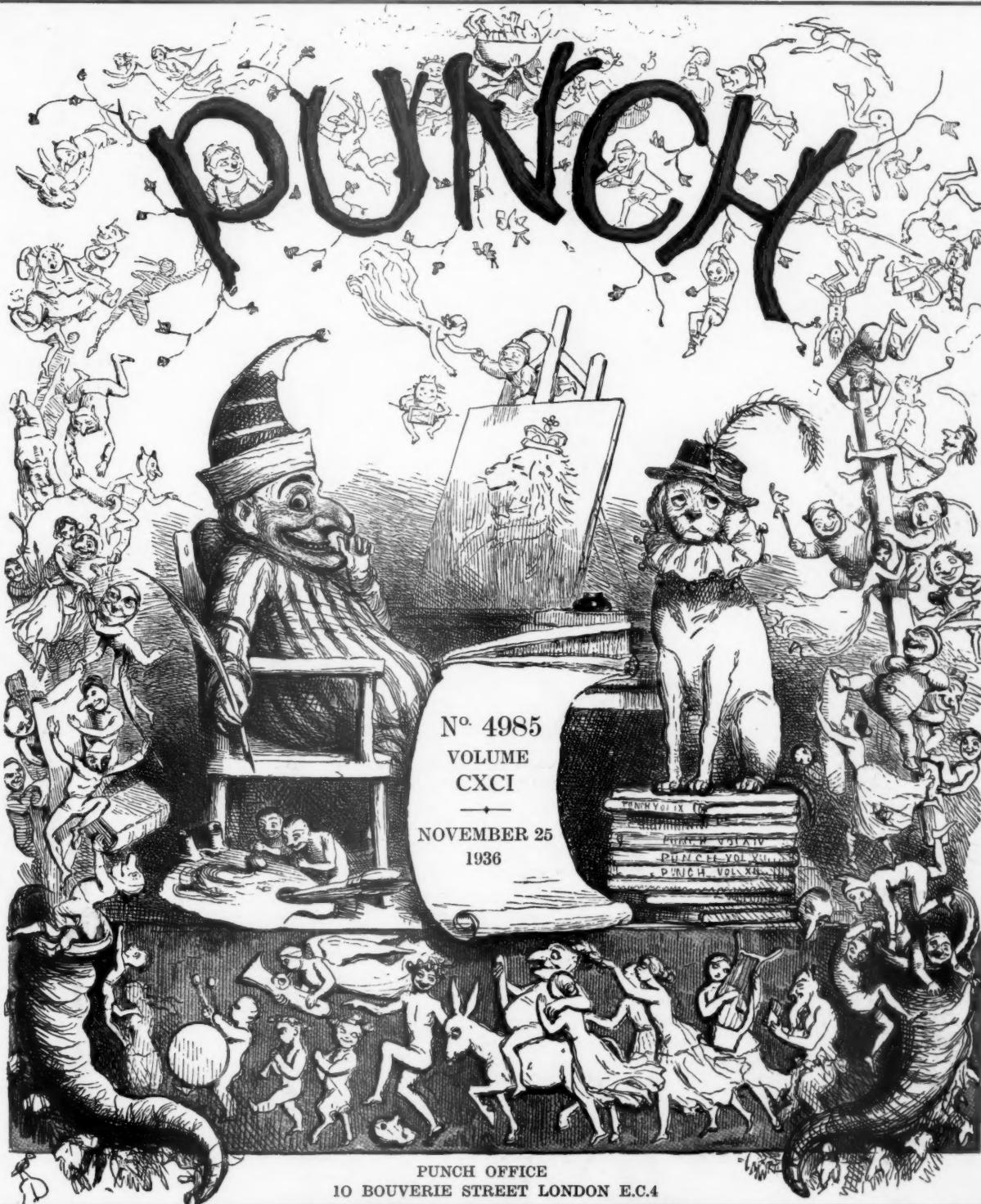


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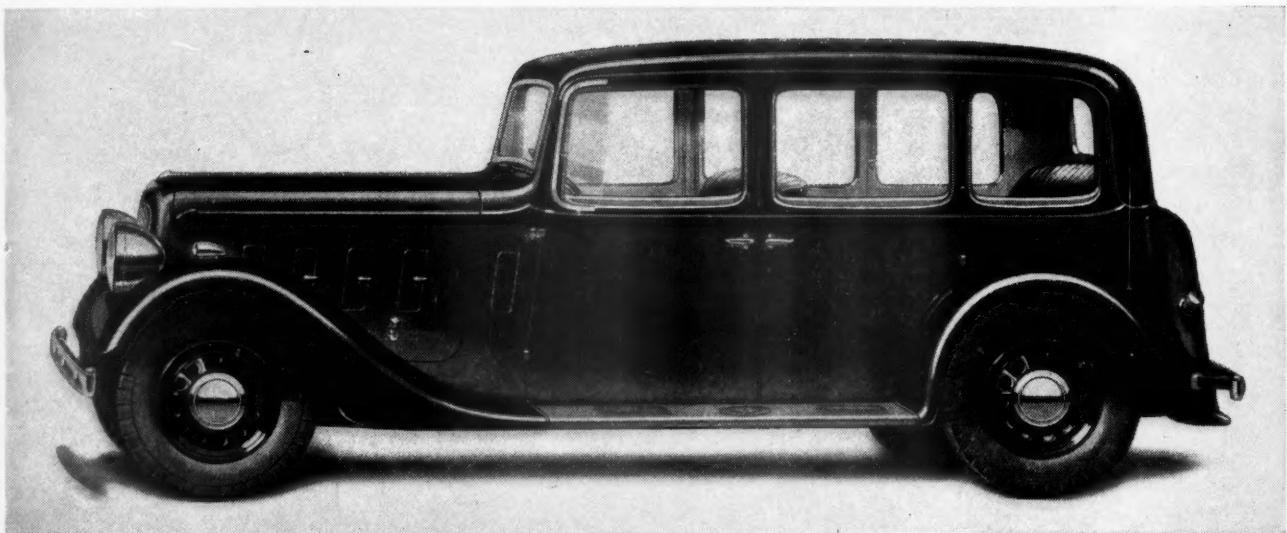
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Charivaria



"THE modern aeroplane can do anything a bird can do," declares an aviation expert. That is to say, with the exception of singing, laying eggs, finding its way unaided from the Sahara to Scotland, and eating groundsel.

★ ★ ★

According to a doctor, white marks on a man's finger-nails are a sign that he needs to be more careful about his nerves. Black marks on his thumb-nail are a sign that he should be more careful with his hammering.

★ ★ ★

A runaway horse was stopped by a Peterborough schoolboy, who waved a white handkerchief in front of it. We can only suppose that the horse was astounded to see a schoolboy with such a handkerchief.

★ ★ ★

When the police boxers from Stuttgart visited Colchester a special LAUREL and HARDY film in German was shown at a local cinema for their benefit. This was only in accordance with precedent, our French visitors' amusement having always been catered for by the menus in our hotels and restaurants.

★ ★ ★

"The newly-married wife is bound to make mistakes," declares a writer. And her husband is virtually bound to eat them.

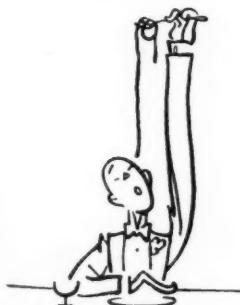
★ ★ ★

Coal is said to be an excellent substitute for jet in the making of jewellery. The only drawback, of course, is its prohibitive price.

★ ★ ★

In view of the report that German jam-factories are turning out vast quantities of plum-and-apple, Mr. CHURCHILL is expected to demand a searching inquiry into our own plum-and-apple reserves.

★ ★ ★



"How long should one cook spaghetti?" runs a query in a "Home Hints" corner. The answer is sixteen inches, or approximately the extent of the average man's reach.

A psychologist asserts that most people have two distinct lives—the one they actually lead and the one that exists only in their imagination. *Vide* almost any autobiography.

★ ★ ★

Silkworms seem to be able to stretch enormously, observes a man who keeps them. Without laddering?

★ ★ ★

According to a naturalist fish have no method of communication. This probably explains why they do not respond to the lines we drop them.

★ ★ ★



Considerable support has been given to the proposal that next year's Varsity Boat-Race should be rowed the reverse way. We fear that much of it came from ardent partisans who thought it meant that the last boat would win.

★ ★ ★

A recent Society bride had six bridesmaids in hyacinth blue silk and two pages in rich crimson velvet with gold lace. A pale bridegroom completed the colour-scheme.

★ ★ ★

A man named LITTLE has walked from New York to Los Angeles and back, thus providing one more instance of a little going a long way.

★ ★ ★

A rubber company recently built its two-hundred-millionth tyre. We hope the directors celebrated the occasion with a blow-out.

★ ★ ★

A Budapest woman who knows four languages has married a school-teacher who knows eight. That is considered to be pretty good handicapping.

★ ★ ★

It was this winter that you were going to buy a new overcoat last winter.

★ ★ ★

"A cold bath stimulates the brain and encourages the flow of ideas," says a doctor. Our goldfish remains as taciturn as ever.



Leaves from a Life

(If this sort of thing distresses you, don't buy "Raking the Embers," which Hook and Eye are publishing for me shortly at 12/6.)

"YOUR eyes are like crescent moons to-night, Baroness."

"Hush, my dear man, this isn't Arabia," said the Baroness, tapping me playfully on the shoulder with her gold lorgnettes.

We were old friends, the Baroness and I, and old friends have their privileges.

"Some more jelly, Clara?" I begged, pressing my advantage. But she only gave me an intimate glance over her pince-nez and shook her head. She always carried pince-nez as well as lorgnettes, did the Baroness. Money was never any object with the de Bonvilles.

"Come," she breathed, "you shall take me into the Dutch Garden and sing to me."

So I took her into the Dutch Garden and sang to her.

When I had finished singing to the Baroness I went to Valparaiso and fell in with a Norwegian sea-captain, who taught me écarté. Six-foot-seven he stood in his sealskin goloshes, and his great mane of hair flowed about his shoulders in a torrent of rippling strength. To me he was freedom and the salt tang of the open sea and the leap and swirl of the mountain-stream as it foams from the precipice into the swelling fjord. But he drank. Always he drank schnapps and black ale and a strange wild drink called *boon*. Sitting there in Valparaiso I thought of the Baroness and I asked him, "You have killed whales, Hamstrung? You, who are a Viking, know the taste of the whale's blood?"

Hamstrung rose slowly to his feet and something like a sob shook his huge frame.

"My friend," he said sadly, "you forgive me, but—no. I kill no whales. Always I kill walrus, but whales—no."

All the rest of that evening he was morose and would not speak, save only when he would call for another bottle of *boon*.

Sigaret and Karl the Dane and I carried him to bed.

It was raining in Kimberley when I stepped from the Okapi Express, and the fresh drops were welcome after the stifling heat of Valparaiso.

"To Doctor Gunther's." I spoke sharply to the grinning Hottentot who took my valise. His fine shoulders glistened oleaginous as he led the way to a barouche.

Driving to the famous stomach-specialist's house I wondered idly if he would remember his old laboratory assistant after all these years. But he knew me instantly.

"You are thinner," he said in his kindly way as he greeted me in the hall.

Over our coffee in the spacious dissecting-room he told me this story:—

"I was resting after a strenuous day at the hospital some two years ago when a lady of obvious wealth, with a curiously debased metatarsal development, rushed in upon me unannounced.

"'You must come at once, Doctor Gunther,' she cried. 'Every moment is precious.'

"Tired as I was, her development and her demeanour interested me, so, snatching up a case of instruments, I indicated my readiness to follow her.

"On the journey she was silent, and ten minutes later we were in her boudoir.

"But where is the patient?" I exclaimed.

"'He is here!'

Following the direction of her outstretched finger I saw a gigantic python coiled up in a corner. As I looked at him his tongue flickered out and I noticed with professional interest that it was an unhealthy colour. But of course the situation was impossible.

"'Madam,' I said, moving towards the door, 'I am a stomach-specialist not a snake-charmer.'

"Instantly she was on her knees before me. 'But, Doctor Gunther,' she cried, 'he is ill—he has a stomach—you can do something!'

"'No doubt he has a stomach,' I replied coldly; 'but you force me to confess that I have not the least idea where it is.'

"'It goes all along, I think,' she whispered. 'Operate where you like. But—oh, be quick!'

"To pacify the woman I seized a scalpel and made a swift incision. To my surprise an enormous diamond fell from the wound.

"The woman instantly snatched it up. 'There is your fee, doctor,' she cried, thrusting the diamond into my hand. 'Now go—go!'

"What did you do with the diamond?" I asked curiously when the story was ended.

"I keep it in the top right-hand drawer of my escritoire, wrapped up in tissue-paper," answered Doctor Gunther with a smile.

Early in the morning I left for Leningrad.

There was Lili in Buenos Aires and Pipette, the daughter of old Papa Triste at Rouen, and Louise and Markousha, whom I came near to loving in Belgrade, and Philippa and Elsie and Thérèse the lovely Bolivian. But only the Russians understand love as love should be. In Leningrad Glycerina was waiting for me . . .

It was in the Red Square that I came face to face with the Baroness.

"You are more lovely than the frosty Caucasus," I murmured, but she did not hear me.

"Glorious Baroness," I cried, "do you not know me?" But still she was deaf.

"Eh?" she said.

"Your beauty maddens me!" I shouted in so great a voice that all Leningrad paused to listen.

Then the Baroness raised something that she carried in her left hand, and I saw that it was an ear-trumpet.

"What does this mean?" I shouted unhappily. "How did it happen?"

"Don't you remember the night you sang to me in the Dutch Garden?" she asked gently.

For a moment I did not realise her meaning, and then a sudden wave of remorse and tenderness swept over me.

"You mean that I—it was my— Oh, Clara, you let me go away never dreaming that this would happen! Why did you not write—tell me that you were in trouble—give me the chance of coming back to face it out with you? What a blackguard you must think me!"

For answer the Baroness raised the ear-trumpet to her lips and kissed it.

"I was proud of it," she murmured shyly—"for your sake."

We were married in Vladivostok.

H. F. E.

"DEATH OF GIANT TURTLE.

POPULAR INMATE AT THE ZOO."—*Daily Paper*.

We are glad to assure guests at the Guildhall Banquet that this occurred after November 9th.



HUNTING THE BUGBEAR

ADOLF. "COME ALONG, MUSSO! YOU'RE IN ON THIS!"

[Italy's adherence to the anti-Communist agreement between Germany and Japan is reported from Tokyo]



Voice from the Radio. "DOAN LET THE RIBBER RUN DRY."

Engaged

THE 7.45 for Scotland is rather a full train at any time of the year, so I arrived twenty minutes early and secured a corner-seat in an empty compartment. I splayed magazines and parcels on the other seats in the faint hope that everybody would think them engaged; but I had hardly started on my evening paper when a tall sad-looking man came in and looked round.

"These seats taken?" he asked.

I have ever been a slave to truth and admitted that they were not. "Sit where you like," I said, "but you might as well leave the magazines on the other seats, and then perhaps we shall both be able to put our feet up and get some sleep."

He gave a melancholy laugh.

"There'll be no sleep for me," he said, "and I shall require *all* the vacant seats. There's my sister and her husband and three children, and an old aunt of her husband's; and they'll chatter like monkeys till the morning. I hate travelling with a crowd of

relations, especially women and children, but my great-uncle Smithson in Edinburgh is dying and sent for us, and Gertie couldn't leave the children, so there you are. I must pop back and collect them. Perhaps you'll be kind enough to see that nobody takes these seats."

I wasn't keen on travelling with a family party, but I felt that it would be impolite not to stay on guard, so I sat there and told everybody that there was no room. One or two of them looked rather suspicious, but honest sincerity gleamed from my eyes. Ten minutes before the train started the melancholy man came back, looking more melancholy than ever.

"Thanks for keeping the seats," he said. "The others won't be long now, but I'm confounded if I'll ever travel again with women and children. Ernie has been sick and the old lady has lost her ticket, and my brother-in-law is trying to get somebody on the phone and dancing about in the box because they keep giving him the wrong number."

He went away again. Dozens more people came along and tried to get into the carriage, but I told them firmly that all the seats were engaged.

"There's a friend of mine," I said, "and his sister and her husband, and a sick child and two children who are not yet sick, and an old aunt of the husband who has lost her ticket."

The time was getting on and I looked anxiously down the platform for the party. Several elderly ladies I felt sure were the old aunt—they looked just the sort to lose tickets; and I opened the door every time a sickly child hove in sight, but in vain. With only two minutes to go the melancholy man rushed up again.

"They'll be along any moment now," he said. "We found the ticket, and I had them all lined up ready when my sister discovered that a blue hat-box was missing, and they are all searching feverishly."

He dashed away, and I told the next few applicants that the party who had taken the seats had rushed off to find a blue hat-box that was lost. I got quite worried about them,

especially when the train began to move out of the station. The melancholy man ran along by the side and leaped neatly in. Then he drew down all the blinds and sank comfortably into a corner and started to fill his pipe.

"Not a bad dodge, is it?" he said. "It's not easy to keep a compartment empty in these suspicious days by just plain lying, so now I always let somebody else do it for me. Their honest sincerity always carries the day."

We put our feet up and sighed contentedly.

Heads and Tales

(A daily newspaper assures us that the size of the head is not a reliable indication of the capability of the mind.)

It did not fill my soul with glee
When people stopped to laugh at me
And urchins took my size in hats
As evidence of being bats;
It pained me on my daily walk
When thus I heard the nursemaids talk:

"Pray note how very small a crown
Adorns that gentleman in brown;
Within its scope, dear Master Kit,
There is but room for half a wit,
Or such as shames the futile nit."

It naturally hurt my pride
To hear my talents so decried;
I took an energetic line
In dealing with that head of mine.
From earliest June to dying May
I exercised it every day;
From Fall to Spring, from Spring to Fall
I bumped it up against the wall;
I bared it to the tempest's showers,
I held it in the fire for hours
In hopes that so it might expand;
It did not seem to understand.
I stuffed it the four seasons through
With information old and new;
I dosed it every weary week
With botany and ancient Greek;
I packed it full of supine stems
And geometric theorems;
I taught it elegiac verse
And surds—it quietly grew worse.
And still I could not pace the Park
But thus the nursemaids would remark:

"Observe, my dear, that curious man;
His lines are passing strange to scan!
Oh, we must pity, Master Paul,
The wearer of a scalp so small;
He cannot have a brain at all."

At last I happened to peruse
The interesting piece of news
Which the perceptive eye may read,
In brackets, just above this screed.
And when my headpiece realised
How falsely it had been despised,
How rich a mind lay haply hid
Beneath its unpretentious lid—
It swelled for thirty days, it did.
But when I sought the public scene
In my new homburg (size 13),
To my unspeakable dismay
"Twas thus I heard the nursemaids

say:

"That creature with the shuffling tread,
How noble, to be sure, his head!
But size in hats, they now maintain,
Affords no index to the brain;
And if, my dear Miss Ann, we trace
The features on his widespread face,
We must conclude, my dear Miss Ann,
That is a very stupid man."



THE BRITISH CHARACTER

REFUSAL TO ADMIT DEFEAT



"I SAY, NANNY, ONE OF MY BUTTONHOLES HAS COME OFF."

The Caraways at Breakfast

"DARLING D. and M.," wrote Laurence from somewhere on the South Coast,—"Thanks awfully for the cake. We beat West Court 7-1 yesterday. I didn't score any goals, but two were from my passes. Rhino was awfully pleased. We play Wickford Hall on Wednesday. Can I have Henderson mi. to stay in the hols? *Tons* of love, LAURENCE. P.S.—Only ten more days!"

"What revoltingly typical letters the child writes," said Stephen, passing it back to his mother.

"Yes," agreed his father from behind a newspaper, "they're no different from the ones you wrote six years ago."

"Nice crack, Pop," said Stephen. "Give the gentleman a cigar."

Mr. Caraway frowned and began to say something, then changed his mind and went on reading.

"I think Laurence writes very good letters," said Mrs. Caraway. "He spells properly too."

"Does he?" said Christopher. "What about that lecture on Haughticulture they were going to have the other day?"

"Besides," said Stephen, "it isn't spelling that matters. Anyone ought to be able to spell at eleven. What he says is so dull. Why doesn't he tell us some of the things old Rhino did during the week? They used to be exciting enough when I was there."

"Yes," said Christopher. "In my time he used to beat the First Eleven when they lost a match."

"He didn't, Christopher!" said Mrs. Caraway, horrified. "I don't believe it."

"You don't have to," said Christopher. "We did, vividly."

"Mr. Bryant is always charming to us," said Mrs. Caraway; "I'm sure he's a splendid headmaster."

"He is a splendid headmaster—on the platform at Victoria," said Stephen. "He doesn't even pull the boys' hair when their parents are actually in sight."

"Compared with old Rhino," said Christopher, "Squeers was a kindly soul, absurdly fussy over his pupils' comfort."

"Rhino's name," added Stephen, "will go down to posterity along with those of Captain Bligh and Judge Jeffreys."

"By the way," said Christopher, "you'll write and tell Laurence we can't have any of his friends here, won't you? We're full up."

"Why shouldn't the poor darling have his friends here?" said Mrs. Caraway. "They behave much better than yours."

"Well, I warn you," said Stephen, "it's either Henderson mi. or me. I shan't stay in a house that's crawling with foul little boys."

"Then that removes Christopher's objection," said Mr. Caraway, still behind his paper.

"Another cigar for the gentleman," said Stephen.

"It's a pity you're too old to have your head smacked," said his father.

"You're too old to smack it, anyway," said Stephen. "And head-smacking is quite Out in the modern home. Not that this is a modern home," he added, looking round critically at the furniture.

"How late do you want to be this morning, Stephen?" asked Mrs. Caraway with the satisfied feeling that she was scoring heavily in the last round.

"Gosh! is that right?" Stephen's glance at the clock, his disappearance from the room, and the banging of the front-door were noted by the rest of the family with the calm approval of spectators who watch an old ritual faithfully performed. Stephen daily attended what was in fact a public

school; to his family it appeared rather to be a sort of club at which he met his friends, played squash, ate a large but definitely uneatable lunch—"Honestly, Mother, it was *foul*")—read in the library, acted now and then in various dramatic societies, and carried on a perpetual war against the authorities. Stephen's reports were a tribute to the ingenuity of schoolmasters. They said the same thing every term, but miraculously in different ways.

"He'll have to take a taxi," commented Mr. Caraway. "Something ghastly was threatened if he was late again this week."

"He'd be late on a fire-engine this morning," said Christopher, looking at his watch. Christopher's office, though nominally open at 9.30, was empty of important people till quarter past ten. Christopher usually arrived at ten past.

William's first public utterance this morning was a complaint.

"Must I finish this, Mummy?" he asked, looking up from his porridge. "It's beastly."

It seemed to William as if he had been eating this porridge for hours, and yet there it was. He was now stirring it round and round in the hope that it would somehow evaporate. As he expected, his question was ignored. Mr. Caraway was reading out a paragraph from the paper.

"... and has resulted in some loss of life," he concluded. There was a silence.

"So what?" said Christopher.

His father opened his mouth to speak.

"You're going to say, 'Talk English, please,'" said Christopher.

"I was, and I do say it. Why can't you talk English?"

"My dear old father," said Christopher, "if there is a word more English than 'so,' which I doubt, it's 'what.' Don't you agree?"

"Perhaps. The idiom's American, though."

"Idiom, Father, *idiom*? Why, you're talking Greek! Talk English."

"Oh, must we have this all again?" groaned Mrs. Caraway. "William, do hurry up; you'll be late, and Miss Harrison will be *so* upset."

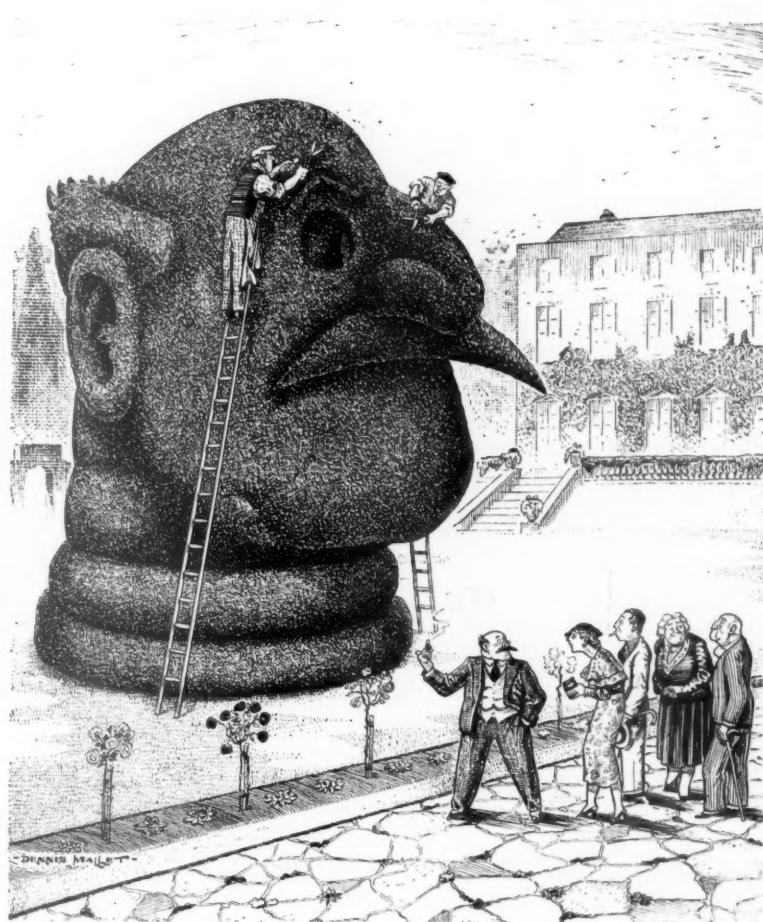
"She won't," said William mysteriously.

"Of course she will; she always is."

"She won't be this time," said William importantly. They were listening to him! He swallowed a spoonful of porridge in his excitement.

"Why ever not?"

"'Cos she's in bed, and Johnny Parsons says she's dreadfully ill."



"IT'S YEW, ISN'T IT, MR. BAGTHORPE?"
"SURE IT'S ME!"

"Heavens! You never told us. I'll ring up Dr. Parsons to see that it's nothing infectious."

"Miss Holroyd takes us instead," went on William. "She's awfully fat."

"Are they still teaching you to make silly little mats out of coloured straw?" asked Christopher.

"No," replied William. "Mummy, can I have two apples to take with me? Most of the others do."

"Well, I'm off," said Christopher, getting up. "I've got to buy some things before work." He strolled out of the room.

"Can I have two apples, Mummy?"

"Hurry up and finish your breakfast, William." Mrs. Caraway sighed. "If only everyone would do everything ten minutes earlier in this house!"

When William had been hustled off

to his kindergarten (with one apple), breakfast was over.

Breakfast to some people is just a glass of orange-juice in bed.

The Sacred Past

IT always seems so strange to me
That people who aspire to be

The very souls of virtue,
Who wince at vice in any guise
And tactfully avert their eyes

From films without a CERT. U,
Who coyly blush and turn their heads
If someone dares to mention beds,
Divorces or pyjamas,
Will flock to see, applaud and praise
Those really most *outrageous* plays,
The Restoration Dramas.

At the Pictures

ARTISTS AND ARLISS

THERE may not be as many ways of making a film about a painter as of making a *Tribal Lay*; but there is certainly more than one, and some day perhaps *Rembrandt* of the Rhine may be otherwise treated than he is in the new film that bears his name. As we see him there, he is so much more a husband and a preacher (the kind of preacher to whom all is vanity) than an Old Master; but now that his relations with *Saskia*, who dies, and *Hendrik*, who dies, have been shown, and now that we have heard him repeat the Twenty-third Psalm and watched his melancholy decline, some one might think it worth while to make him the hero of a chosen episode in which his Old Masterly side could be more fully developed. Of *Rembrandt*'s work we see very little, but in another screen version we could see much. I mention the possibility in the hope of drawing the attention of producers to the great field that *Rembrandt* has opened to them; for not only would the lives of the artists be forced to deliver drama, but their paintings would add to the screen's beauty. *Romney*, for instance, was dramatic enough for *Tennyson* to make a poem about him, not a little influenced by *Browning*'s "Fra Lippo



J.H.D.

AFTER REMBRANDT

Rembrandt . . . CHARLES LAUGHTON

Lippi" and "*Andrea del Sarto*"; and *Romney* was in love with one of the world's heroines. I can see a very good film being made about *Romney*, with a number of "stills" of his most famous portraits; but it will not be funny, any more than *Rembrandt* is funny: it will not compete with the new popular celluloid farces, such as

Libelled Lady, but the good work ought to go on.

One has to see *Rembrandt* to realise the difficulties that now confront any studio which wants to offer something better than the ordinary picture. Personally I do not think the result wholly satisfactory, but it is far better than it might have been. Whether



J.H.D.

SAYING IT WITH A MOUTHFUL

Paul Dodson . . . NED SPARKS
Mattie Dodson . . . HELEN BRODERICK

the film public appreciates the effort is another matter. Yet one thing is certain: the answer to the question: "Is *Rembrandt* interesting enough?" will differ with each of us, just as, indeed, the answer concerning any work of art always does and always will. One man's laughter will always be another man's sadness, as I said when, at last, I saw, in *The Bride Walks Out*, an actor who for months has been dangled before my sensorium as the perfect comedian—NED SPARKS—and failed even to smile. I say this not to crow over Mr. SPARKS or his eulogist, but to illustrate my own limitations or critical obliquity of vision.

No one, I hope, would say that *WILLIAM POWELL* is as capable an actor as *CHARLES LAUGHTON*, and certainly no one would expect him to recite the Twenty-third Psalm, but, at the moment, the American seems to be equally at the top of his own tree. Such enthusiasm as is aroused by his *Libelled Lady* I have rarely seen; but here again I found myself an almost passive spectator. Some element of authenticity there must be, even in the most trivial laugh-hunting picture; even when the *MARX Brothers* get to work; and in *Libelled Lady* that

element of authenticity I could not find. Although all the company (except possibly *WILLIAM POWELL*) tried hard, I was never persuaded. There is, however, some accomplished acting by *SPENCER TRACY* and *MYRNA LOY*, and something better by *JEAN HARLOW*, who is becoming an adept at recrimination. But I could not believe; and it would not surprise me to learn that the level jaunty imperturbability of *WILLIAM POWELL* was to blame.

In spite of the old saying—and I wonder who first said it—the camera, rarely any longer meticulously truthful, can be the most engaging of liars; and it is such a liar in *His Lordship*, where *GEORGE ARLISS* returns to delight his admirers twice over—once as *Viscount Dunchester*, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and once as that Minister's twin brother, *Richard Fraser*, wandering humorist. How the photographer can bring these two men intimately together in the same room is one of the mysteries; but frequently meet they do, and they are not two but one. Mr. ARLISS has supplied touches subtly to differentiate them; yet they are not two but one. A



J.H.D.

"WAIT-A-MINUTE!"

Gladys . . . JEAN HARLOW

triumph both for actor and the notoriously truthful lens.

Like everything in which Mr. ARLISS appears, the story is relevant and pointed. Whether the effect is due to his influential presence, I cannot say; but the fact remains that the films which provide him with opportunities are as neat and crisp as himself; and

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"SOMEONE AIN'T 'ARF GIVE YOU TWO BLACK EYES, SAM."
 "AH, AN' 'E 'D 'AVE GIVE ME MORE IF 'E 'D 'AD ANYWHERE TO PUT 'EM."

some day, when he is tired of performing, he ought to direct. In the present instance, *Richard Fraser*, the laughing traveller, returns from the East to establish the innocence of his friend *Howard* as the murderer of the *Emir of Khasra*; to prove one of his advisers the assassin, and to protect the life of the youthful *Ibrahim*, who is at school in England, the heir to the throne. To do this it is necessary for *Fraser* to impersonate his brother, who is a member of the Cabinet and a pompous ass, and for a few minutes to take the matter into his own hands; and this, with infinite zest and mastery, he does. That is all. The film is very slight but it is most adroitly presented. "Double" without any visible "toil or trouble"; double with fun and success.

But I doubt if an Eastern slave would ever use the word "exonerate."

E. V. L.

"Remember, also, when reading or sewing, and indeed at all times, to hold the chin well up."—*Beauty Chat*.

Especially when writing, gardening and eating soup.

Maladies du Siècle

THOUGH we gratefully hail the improvements

That Science, applied to our needs,
Has brought us in mechanised movements,

And Tolerance lends to our creeds,
Our life is not wholly idyllic,

And this may excuse and explain
Regrets that find vent in dactylic
And dolorous vein.

The works of the sage of Vienna
Respectful attention repay,

But his doctrines are playing Gehenna
With verse and with fiction to-day;

The romancers perhaps are the maddest

In flaunting their Freudian fling,
While the poets are sadist and saddest
Whenever they sing.

Released from the shackles of scansion,
From fetters of metre set free,

We suffer from cranial expansion,

Our bonnets are homes for the bee;

And assonance calmly enthroning

In place of a regular rhyme.

We commit the offence of condoning
An asinine crime.

We foster the cult of the cutie

In all that is written or sung,
We applaud the proscription of beauty
And hail the decay of our tongue;
For the kingdom of English is broken,
No bulwark or barrier stems
The flood that pours out of Hoboken
Straight into the Thames.

We are sick of subliminal "urges,"
Very sick of the saxophone's squeals,
We are not amused by the purges
Of HITLER, new shirts or New Deals;
We are sated with biogenetics
And stories of bottle-grown germs;
We are sick of chromatic cosmetics
And platinized perms.

We are weary of painfully poring
O'er fiscal conundrums with KEYNES,
We are terribly tired of exploring
Humanity's dustbins and drains;
We are bored by the gospel of bareness,
And beg thee to pity our plight
And redeem us from too much "aware-

ness,"
O Muse of Delight! C. L. G.

Mr. Mafferty Teaches 'Em.

"WELL, that will teach 'em," said Mr. Mafferty as he sat down at last.

"You were too long, old man."

"Too long, was I?"

"And too serious, old boy."

"Too serious, is it? An' too prolonged? It's a pity, now, you wouldn't be writin' out the speeches for your guests beforehand, an' you badgerin' an' bullyin' them to make orations at your Annual Dinner. Was it meself was wishful to address your fine Society? Tell me that."

"Couldn't say, old boy."

"Wasn't it your own President an' Chairman, an' clouds of Secretaries besides, did be bombardin' me with letters an' the telephone this three months back? Didn't I swear till I was sick I'd never give tongue after eatin' again, an' they unable to take 'No' for an answer? Didn't I accept at last out of weariness, no more, an' the great kindness of me heart?"

"You like it, old boy."

"I do not. It's the worst way in the world of workin' for nothin' is answerin' for the Guests. An' now you have the grand hair-raisin' impertinence to be tellin' me it's too long I addressed you. Be Jabez, ye should have thought of that before."

"Sorry, old boy, but—"

"Well, you can tell your fine Society, an' all the other Societies, an' Clubs, an' Movements, that if anyone drives me into the speech-makin' I make the speech I want to make an' no other. Maybe one day it's bubblin' with innocent fun I'll be, an' the next occasion I'll be explosive with a grand message to the nation. Annyhow, I'll please meself, an' if they don't like it the better I'm pleased, for they won't ask me again."

"It's all right, old boy—only a bit too long."

"Long, is it? After the great implorin' an' badgerin' there was to get me I thought maybe you'd wish me to say somethin' an' not pop up with two small jokes, an old story, an' down again. If that's your notion of speakin' you should have put it in the letter, or maybe hired a man from the music-halls, for it's meself has something better to do."

"Well, old boy, you see, there were so many speeches before you."

"That's a true word. An' I'll tell you another thing. It's a wonder you'd be askin' a Guest to address you at all with so many of the Hosts is eager to speak themselves, an' fine performers too, the way the whole company is worn out with speech-makin' by the time your Guest is forced to his feet, an' he put last on the list. An' the jugglers an' singers comin' next, an' everyone wishful to see the jugglin'. It's quare ways you have

want? Do you throw stones at the cooks an' waiters, an' they takin' a little pains to have the victuals and the tables ready? Is it insultin' an actor you'd be, an' he studyin' his part? Sure, after three months' notice an' palaver it's shame if I'd be thinkin' of meself to come to a great dinner with microphones an' evenin' dress an' thea-ter-stars an' jugglers without givin' a small piece of a thought to what I'd be sayin' to the company. That would be a poor compliment, surely, to a man's Hosts, an' they providin' him with wine for nothin'.

If a man rose up an' let fall the few first words that might be bubblin' out of his head, an' he with the wine in him, it's yourself would be the first to say he was 'casual' an' lazy an' takin' an advantage. An' by the same token it's a wonder there'd not be a word of thanks for a hard-worked old gentleman givin' up the best part of a day to thinkin' a few thoughts for the delight of the company, though he forgets the half of them at the latter end. But if it's not prepared impromptus you want, an' it's not the simple stuff from the heart, what the devil is it you do want? The truth is, your fine friendly Society is full of clever gentlemen an' tremendous orators, an' you don't want hear annyone but yourselves. An' that's fair an' reasonable surely; but why the devil do you drag meself into your private jollification?—thankin' you at the same time for your charmin' company an' hospitality."

"Well, anyhow, Mr. Mafferty, you enjoyed the dinner?"

"I can get as good food an' drink in me own home without speakin' a word."

A. P. H.

"OLD FOSSILS

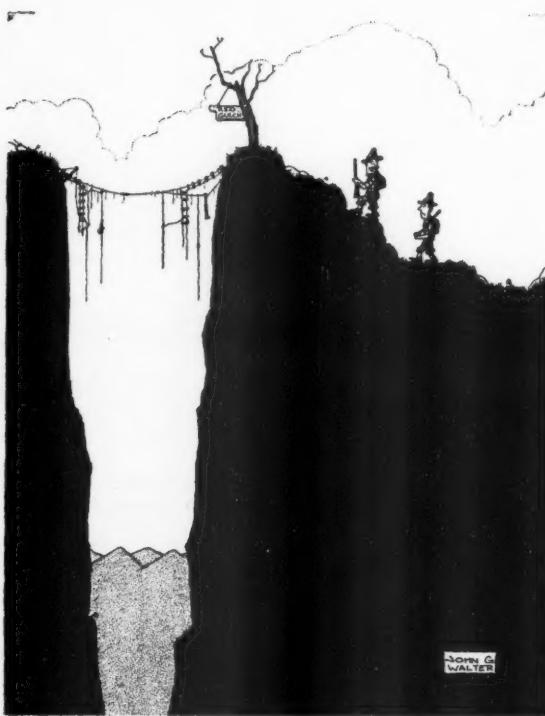
INTERESTING FIND IN AUSTRALIA
Sunday Paper.

Where were they—in the Press-Box?

"Major —, of New Milton, said that he was opposed to decentralisation. The Mayor, he said, would be the central figure in the Coronation celebrations."

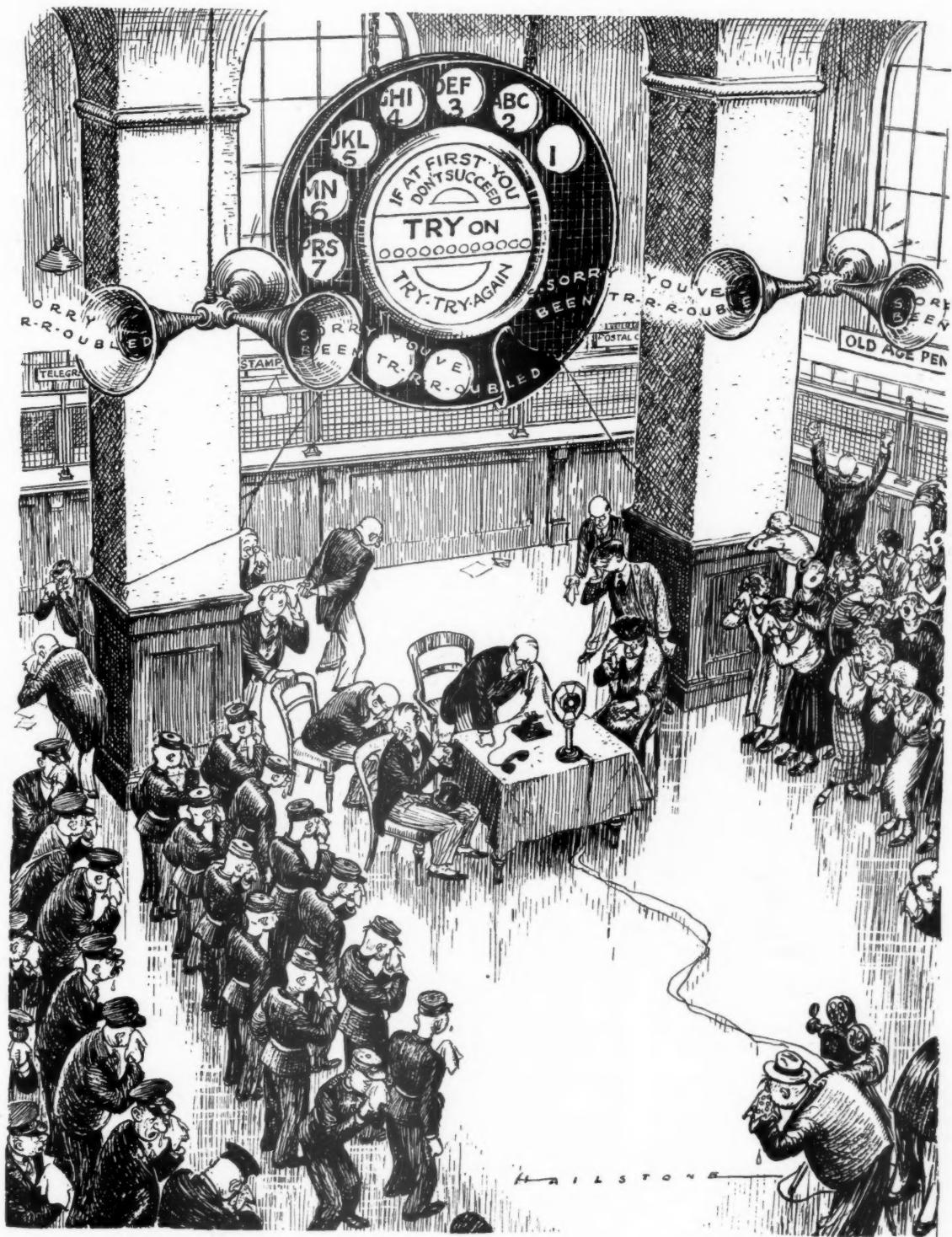
Local Paper.

And not, as we had supposed, the KING.



'I WISH YOU'D STOP WORRYING, ABERCROMBIE, YOU'RE ALWAYS CROSSING BRIDGES BEFORE YOU COME TO THEM.'

of treatin' your Guests at the present time. An' there's another thing. In the old-fashioned days, when the Guests was proposed, there'd be said a small compliment or two about them, the way they'd rise at last in a friendly atmosphere, to say no more. But today it's a string of insults does be usherin' them in, an' they unable to answer back for fear of committin' a rudeness thimself. Didn't I hear this night the foolish talk about 'carefully-prepared impromptus'—an' that's the oldest word was ever said at a public dinner? It comes always, I observe, from the gentleman who's taken no trouble to think of annythin' to say. But what the devil do you



TOUCHING LITTLE CEREMONY AT THE G.P.O. ON THE OCCASION OF THE DIALLING OF THE MILLION MILLIONTH WRONG NUMBER

First Saroyan

I THOUGHT maybe the best thing I could do this evening was to write a Saroyan. What I call a Saroyan is what WILLIAM SAROYAN calls a story, and it seems to me that I am peculiarly well fitted to write one, because a lot of them are about a young writer sitting alone in his room tapping his typewriter and smoking cigarettes, and that is what I am constantly doing myself. Maybe it would make a change if I wrote about a man tapping his cigarettes and smoking his typewriter. I could write quite a lot about a man hanging his typewriter up on a nail like a kipper and lighting an oak fire underneath it. But I think maybe I won't.

If you don't know what a Saroyan is, if you have never read one, there is no way of telling you except by demonstration. There cannot be a great many people in the world at present who have written a Saroyan deliberately, although I am sure the number must be increasing day by day. I know WILLIAM SAROYAN himself, a young American Saroyan-writer, has written at least ninety-six, because there are twenty-five in his first book, *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze*, which was published in England over eighteen months ago, and there are seventy-one, I think, in his second, *Inhale and Exhale*, published recently. He must have written hundreds more than that, for he himself said in the first book, "I very much dislike letting a day go by without writing a short story"—you remember that what he calls a short story is what I call a Saroyan.

However, this is the first one I have ever written, which makes it a form of exploration for me, if not for you. I daresay I am a fool to be writing it. There are other things I might be doing. I might be whitewashing a door, if I could find a door that would benefit from whitewash, or I might be down at the pool-room with the boys—several Saroyans have dealt with what happens among the boys down at the pool-room. But at that, if I were whitewashing a door I should probably be spoiling the door and wasting the whitewash, and if I were down at the pool-room with the boys I should probably be playing the horses and losing money, or gambling on a fruit machine. I don't suppose

writing this Saroyan is doing me any good but at least it is not costing me anything, or not more than the price of the paper and the wear of the typewriter ribbon.

I admit I must have paid more for this paper than WILLIAM SAROYAN paid for the kind he used in his first book. It was yellow paper, he said, the cheapest kind. I would use yellow paper if I had any, not only because it sounds picturesque but also because I am sure it stimulates the Saroyan-impulse; but it so happens that white paper is all I possess. And then the typewriter too: WILLIAM SAROYAN once explained that he had just taken his typewriter out of pawn; and my typewriter has never even been in pawn. But maybe these conditions aren't essential.

In what WILLIAM SAROYAN calls a story there is nearly always, lying around, the germ of what anyone else would call a story, but I feel that he regards it with suspicion, and if you show any marked interest in it he will probably cut it out. He can call his Saroyans stories if he likes, but what I do think is a bit tough is the way he seems to suggest that nothing but a Saroyan is a real story. It comes to this, nobody knew what a story was until WILLIAM SAROYAN began to write; everybody had been using the word wrongly all those years. This reminds me of a boy at school who tried to imitate an odd sound I made by sucking my breath in between my tongue and the roof of my mouth. It was like the sound made by a faulty hot-water tap and it had little aesthetic value. The sound he made, trying to imitate it, was a simple shushing. After this I repeated my sound.

No, no, he said, you've got it wrong.

Then he did the shushing sound again proudly.

The analogy is not exact, for I know that WILLIAM SAROYAN makes no attempt to imitate the usual form of a story. I am not laughing at him. I have no wish to laugh even at his somewhat irritating way of steeping everything he writes in a bath of cosmic significance and holding up behind every sentence a blackboard covered with symbols of the destiny of man. It is not that I feel he is in an impregnable position; I know the formidable circumstances of his life, that he has been often cold, sometimes starving, always poor, a solitary member of a dwindling and persecuted race, but I do not allow this to make me feel humble. It is very likely that were these circumstances to afflict me I should fail to triumph over them as he has done, but I do not think considerations of this kind should influence criticism. I believe I am entitled to laugh at anything I find amusing, but in this instance I merely wish to argue.

It has taken me a good while to get this far and, just as I expected, I am beginning to feel pretty pleased. I am pleased to be sitting in my room tapping my typewriter with my ash-tray full of cigarette-butts, through the window the sound of distant singing and the hiss of steam from an engine, the yaps of a little dog running past, slow footsteps, a motor-horn. If I had been whitewashing a door all I should have would be a whitewashed door that would probably have been better enamelled, and if I had gone to the pool-room I shouldn't have even that. As it is I have a thousand-odd words: my first Saroyan.

That sounds like too strong an ending for a Saroyan, so I am putting in this sentence as an anti-climax. R. M.



"WHAT'S WRONG, SANS SOUCI?"
"JUST WORRIES. WHAT'S YOUR TROUBLE, MON REPOS?"
"INSOMNIA."



"... AND THE LAST TIME 'E WAS IN CHURCH WAS TO MARRY AMELIA BLOGGS—AND THAT WEREN'T NO ACT OF WORSHIP."

F. C. B.

Mr. Punch cannot let November the 29th of this year pass without a reference to the fact that a hundred years ago on that day was born one of his stalwarts—FRANCIS COWLEY BURNAND, the author of *Happy Thoughts* and the editor of this paper for twenty-six years.

BURNAND, or F. C. B. as he was best known, reached humorous journalism by way of amateur acting (when at Cambridge he founded the A.D.C.) and the stage, for which he invented or adapted a vast number of plays, of which perhaps *Betsy* and *The Colonel* were the best, and a vast number also of extravaganzas, all notable for high spirits and most of them for the exploitation of the pun. The pun indeed got into all his work and speech, and there is little doubt that if he were alive this week he would refer to himself merrily as a sent-in-error-'un; but we should be very far from agreeing with him. A pun on his own name,

he used to say, could be made only by a drunken man with slurred utterance: "A Burnand's worth two in the bush."

But although primarily a gay and irresponsible jester, concerned impulsively with folly as it flies, BURNAND, had he so wished, could have plumbed the depths too, or so his most famous work, *Happy Thoughts*, which appeared in *Punch* in 1866, suggests; for as the Happy Thinker, or insouciant psychologist, progresses through the world, as described in that book, he gradually exceeds the original specification and becomes everyman. The author, however, was not one to pursue such advantages to the end, and the book therefore merely joyously indicates universality and passes on.

BURNAND contributed other serials to *Punch*, including burlesques of OUIDA, VICTOR HUGO, CHARLES READE, Sandford and Merton, *The Compleat Angler* and Captain FRED BURNABY'S

Ride to Khiva; but after *Happy Thoughts*, which had two or three sequels, he did nothing so good as the parody of *Bradshaw* and the letters from Paris, or Paree, in the Imperial days of Lumpyraw and Lumperartreece and the Great Exhibition, which are reprinted in the volume entitled *Out of Town*. The best F. C. B. is there.

BURNAND edited *Punch* from 1880 to 1906, when he retired, living on until 1917. It is curious that a rival dramatist and humorist who was working in London at the same time, and whose mission also was to make playgoers and readers laugh, was born only eleven days earlier—W. S. GILBERT. 1836 was indeed a vintage year.

Rats in the Belfry

"A. H. (Preston.)—I am delighted to hear the news of the improvement in your hair after my treatment. The mouse remover is effective."—*From a Woman's Page*.



"MUMMY, PLEASE TURN THE WIRELESS OFF WHILE I GO UPSTAIRS—I DON'T WANT TO MISS ANY OF IT."

Clydeside Saturday Night

COME ootbye, Jeanie, we'll gang an' eat
At the Palace Caffy in Cadzow Street;
Ah've saved this week on ma burroo
A silver shillin', or maybe two—
So Ah'll stand treat.

Come awa', Jeanie, dinna be blate,
The bings is lit an' it's gettin' late;
We'll gang tae the last hoose at the Regal
An' see yon pictur' wi' ANNA NEAGLE;
They say it's great.

An' strollin' hame by the Avon braes
We'll let on we're merrit, an' gang oor ways
Tae dream o' the hoose that's waitin' yet
On the job o' work that Ah'm gaun tae get
Ane o' these days.

Special Area A Marching Song

THERE ought to be something for a man to do
More than propping up a wall or standing in a queue,
Betting on the dogs an' reading through the ads—
"Ha! Situations Vacant for Two Smart Lads!"
Exports and Imports, Currency and Quoter—
And three long years since I earned a bloater!

I don't want a lot,
Not a motor nor a yacht—
But there ought to be something for a man to do.

I dunno. They talk of No More War;
But in that old War we got our pork and beans;
Everyone was someone—knew what he was for—
Everybody mattered, if he only cleaned latrines;
Money in his pockets, good boots on his feet,
A uniform to show and a girl to meet—
There ought to be something for a man to do.

There ought to be something for a man to do
More than propping up a wall or standing in a queue;
No one can say there's nothing to be done—
There's a lot of things wanted and it's time they was begun:
Currency! Quota! I don't understand it.
But can they wonder if a man turns bandit?
Well, what are we for?
Don't we matter no more?
There MUST be something for a man to do.

A. P. H.

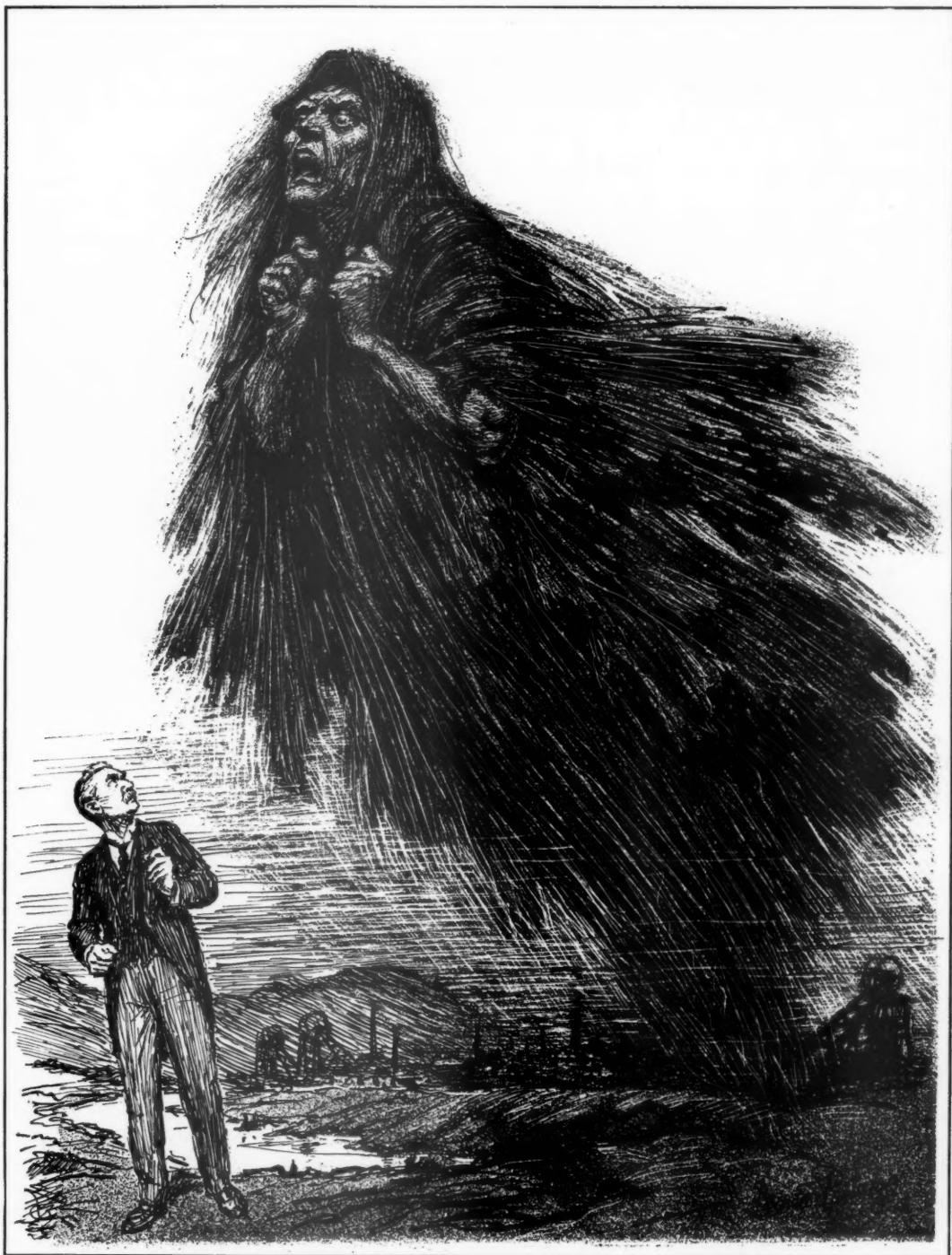
Give Your M.P. a Gift this Christmas!

"Most intelligent Talking African Grey Parrot, young; clear talker, most amusing. Besides everyday sayings such as Good morning, Good afternoon, Good night, &c., has some very funny sayings; here is one of them: 'Hello, dad, what about a spot of politics?'"

Advt. in Daily Paper.

English Players Stand up Well to Australian Luncheons

"Yesterday Voco's field was not tight enough and the spin bowlers were badly missed."—*Indian Paper.*



UNDER THE SHADOW

MR. CHAMBERLAIN. "YES—NOW THAT OUR ATTENTION IS DRAWN TO IT, IT CERTAINLY DOES SEEM MORE FORMIDABLE THAN WE THOUGHT."

(See "Impressions of Parliament," p. 605)

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Impressions of Parliament

Synopsis of the Week

Monday, November 16th.—Commons: Public Order Bill read a Second Time.

Tuesday, November 17th.—Lords: Debate on Defence.

Commons: Debate on Special Areas.

Wednesday, November 18th.—Lords: Debate on Defence continued.

Commons: Town and Country Planning.

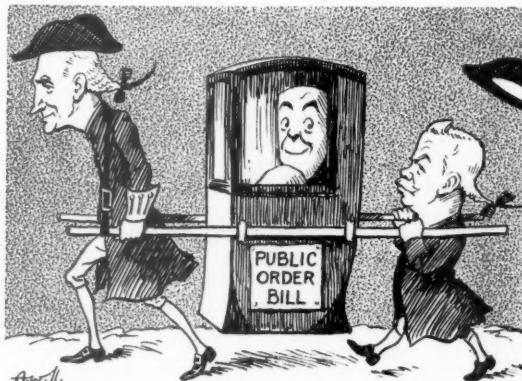
Monday, November 16th.—The Public Order Bill, the natural outcome in a democratic country of Sir OSWALD MOSLEY's haberdashery tactics, was introduced by the HOME SECRETARY and given a Second Reading with the support of all parties except the I.L.P. and the Communists, otherwise our nice, popular, amusing Mr. GALLACHER. Mr. CLYNES backed the Bill, promising criticism in Committee, and so did Sir PERCY HARRIS, who told the House how racial bitterness had lately been maliciously stirred up in Bethnal Green. Mr. TURTON insisted that uniforms should be defined, simulating anxiety lest the Commons Top-Hat Club should be arrested in Palace Yard. The immediate problem for all B.F.'s

after the passing of the Bill will be the most profitable disposal of their shirts. Mr. P.'s R. suggests that they cannot do better than place these unreservedly on Tumbrel, the Government's filly, hope and pride of a bowlegged Front Bench. *For further tidings of this fleet*

out of the India Act, the House turned to the Special Areas, the Labour Party insisting that the Government should bring forward new legislation instead of dealing with the problem by merely including the Special Areas Act in the Expiring Laws Continuance Bill. With this view there was marked sympathy on the Government Benches, and the feature of the debate (which went on to 6.19 A.M.) was the number of Conservative speakers who demanded that bold and unconventional action should replace what seemed official lethargy.

Neither the CHANCELLOR, who admitted the necessity of State inducement to industrialists, nor the MINISTER OF LABOUR, who was in a hurry to catch the KING's train at Paddington, was able to satisfy these critics. Sir ROBERT HORNE said that when he read the very perfunctory passage dealing with this question in the King's Speech he became almost

a depressed area himself; Mr. CARTLAND considered that the Government were trying the patience of the House and of the country; Mr. HAROLD MACMILLAN, who maliciously and with great effect read a passage from one of Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD's less perspicacious utterances, accused Mr. BALDWIN of abandoning Disraelian



THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT

[Sir JOHN SIMON and Mr. CLYNES join forces in carrying the Public Order Bill through its Second Reading.]

animal see our Parliamentary Racing Section.

Tuesday, November 17th.—The Labour Party, Lord STRABOLGI told the Upper House amid unkind laughter this afternoon, had been going through a very painful process in regard to armaments. As Lord SWINTON later observed, there had not been a Service Vote in the House of Commons which it had not consistently opposed; but membership of this Party did not embarrass Lord STRABOLGI too much to condemn the Government for being dilatory in rearmament.

Sternly critical of the Government's foreign policy, Lord LoTHIAN had small belief in the efficiency of collective security in a rearming world when four nations were outside the League. In his view the first task of this country was to preserve the British Commonwealth of Nations, and he was convinced that to do this and take on the functions of maintaining peace throughout the whole of a Europe rent by "isms" was an impossibility.

The Government speaker was Lord SWINTON, who dealt with foreign policy by saying that it had already been plainly stated, and went on to survey rearmaments in the air in some detail. He could see no need for a Minister of Supply, and assured their Lordships that no difficulties of priority between the Services remained.

In the Commons, after a brief debate opened by Mr. BUTLER on the Instructions to Governors which arise



LORD STRABONEY ASSERTS THAT EVERY SOLDIER SHOULD CARRY A MARSHAL'S BATON IN HIS KNAKSACK.

["If I were responsible for recruiting I would democratise the Army from top to bottom."—Lord Strabolgi.]



THE CECILIAN PART-SONG

[During the debate in the House of Lords on Defence, the Government's Re-armament policy was supported, from different standpoints, by Lord SALISBURY and Lord CECIL of CHELWOOD.]



"PHYLLIS, YOU DIRTY PIG—YOU 'VE NOT WASHED YOUR FACE."
 "I KNOW I HAVEN'T. I WASHED IT TWICE YESTERDAY BY MISTAKE."

Toryism for Plaza-Toryism; and Mr. AUSTIN HOPKINSON remarked that on the eve of being thrown to the lions it was too much to expect Mr. BROWN to give his candid opinion about them.

These strictures naturally delighted the Opposition, which kept up a stream of protest almost until dawn.

Wednesday, November 18th.—When the debate on Defence was continued in the Lords, Lord CECIL, examining the policies open to this country in the field of foreign affairs, singled out that of isolation as the most dangerous, and urged that some attempt towards international disarmament should still be made. The overwhelming importance of the air in any modern war was emphasised by Lord TRENCHARD, who was strongly against the Fleet Air Arm being divorced from R.A.F. control.

Lord SALISBURY deplored the teaching of children that war was unacceptable even in a just cause, and suggested that the old Militia should be revived. Lord CORK, who is an Admiral, spoke up for the idea of separate Naval control of the Fleet Air Arm, and for the

Government Lord STANHOPE defended their reluctance to rearm while collec-

tive security was being tried out, and absolutely denied the charges of a shortage of heavy gun ammunition and bombs last year.

Private Members' day in a Commons scarcely recovered from its early-morning orgy brought short debates on the importance of preventing further industrial invasion of Outer London and diverting new development to the hard-hit areas of the North — moved by Mr. BURKE, and the need for combating the evasion of the Town and Country Planning Act by local authorities—Mr. BOSSOM.



OUR BACK BENCH WHO'S WHO

There are
 Few more improbably named than the
 Rev. BARR,
 Who's
 Terribly against booze.

TURF NEWS

On Saturday, November 14th, at 3.15 at Liverpool, Tumbrel, daughter of Diligence and Dolabella, ran five straight furlongs more rapidly than her fellows and collared the Autumn Foal Stakes for the National Government. Owing to pressure of business elsewhere the PRIME MINISTER was unable to lead her in.

A Letter to Edith

AT the risk of becoming a bore let me inform you, Edith dear, once more, that I refuse to come and stay with you (although you can ask me every week-end from January to May) if you insist upon taking me out to tea with old Lady Bounty, and that trout who lives practically in the next county, and those wretched Haggerston-Wakes—your friends who have such a pretty house where the road bends, and the most revolting Indian tea.

After all, it's *you* I come to see! Not those beastly Spriggy-Browns who reside under the Downs in their delightful but bogus Tudor farm oozing with head-cracking olde worlde charm. It isn't as if I were mad about gardening, or could be glad about their daughter, who used to work at the Slade, and has now married such a nice man in the Rifle Brigade. Just because I once said I'd painted a still life of the weather, need we be perpetually thrown together?

And then there's that couple whose house is so tremendously WILLIAM and MARY, with a model dairy; and Mrs. Bates, who is very interested in the Drama and whose brother so surprisingly became a Lama

in Tibet, and whose *other* brother is a vet.

Must I be led like a lamb to the slaughter, to listen to their tales of dahlias sadly shorter, and pigs not fat enough for the Annual Show, and cows lost in the drought, and sheep lost in the snow, and early frosts nipping the few remaining fruit-trees?

No, Edith, please!

Why, it's enough to break one's heart. It's the stuff to kill someone of my generation who, coming to the country for quiet relaxation, is bounced off the second he arrives straight into other people's odious and complicated lives.

Edith, time and again, as I've been coming to you in the train, I've suddenly thought of the Vicar, and felt sicker and sicker, knowing that the moment I left the car—the very minute I alighted you'd push me back in it and take me to the Vicarage to eat those terribly sweet cakes which the Vicar pillages from all the worst cooks in the neighbouring villages; when, Edith dear (and it should by now be moderately if not crystalline clear), the only thing on earth I want to do is to have tea in your house alone with you!

V. G.



FANCY PICTURE OF A MEETING OF THE "ASSOCIATION OF FIXED AND FLEXIBLE TRUST" MANAGERS

At the Play

"MUTED STRINGS" (DALY'S)

BEETHOVEN thought a good deal about NAPOLEON, and Mr. KENETH KENT finds it difficult to appear as BEETHOVEN in Mr. ARTHUR WATKYN'S *Muted Strings* at Daly's without being full of reminiscence of his own recent impersonation of NAPOLEON at St. Helena. There is the same conception of a great man as a being striding about and uttering staccato rudeness to evoke a titter through the theatre. This is varied by moments of deep exasperation, but the compass within which Mr. KENT moves easily and confidently is unhappily narrower than the themes of these very ambitious plays, which seek to show the most exceptional and extraordinary men in their times of greatest tribulation. The fault lies more with dramatists than with actors, and chiefly perhaps with the public, which likes to have these things served up for an evening's entertainment. These themes can be treated in books, where a skilled and discerning writer can feel his way to the heart of his difficult subject, but they do not make good plays.

Muted Strings is helped by the constant accompaniment of BEETHOVEN'S music. The play can at any rate bring home to those who see it how the most familiar of classical compositions were at one moment brand-new and a first excitement, but the selection which the limitations of the play impose impoverishes the character whose greatness it is intended to show forth. Mr. KENT'S *Beethoven* is very far removed from the familiar engravings and busts, and it is perhaps refreshing to see something of BEETHOVEN as young, stocky and ugly, and living the artistic life among family, publishers and grand friends. But the tragedy of his deafness has been here selected as the dominant theme, and the centre of interest is accordingly the soul of BEETHOVEN under affliction; and that is something not well fitted for dramatic exposition in a succession of stage conversations. It was perhaps inevitable that the blow should loom larger in the play than the response of the soul, so that the net effect is a more unhappy one than the historical facts demand.

But after this protest against the

fashion of plays dealing panoramically with the great figures of history, it is but fair to pay tribute to the abundance of good acting, always careful and often highly finished, with which BEETHOVEN'S circle is brought to life. Some of the lesser figures are extremely natural and effective, notably *Herr Nageli*, as acted by Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH, who gave just the right touch, for a publisher, of being a

the present day as easily as to a hundred-and-thirty years ago. With many deft touches Miss ELSOM showed at once the warmth and limitations of this friendship. The *Princess* brushes aside *Dr. Schmidt* (Mr. MAURICE BROWNE), although the *Doctor* is obviously as well equipped as he is willing to break to BEETHOVEN the news that he cannot be cured. The *Princess* says that she will tell the news, and then exercises her prerogative with phrases which do nothing to soften the blow.

It must be added that Mr. KENT'S *Beethoven* does not want blows to be softened, but the lack of dignity which makes Mr. KENT so effective in the lighter moments of the play is a great handicap in the graver crises. It must be exceedingly difficult to act the part of a man who is going deaf; certainly there seems little enough rhyme or reason in what *Beethoven* can and cannot hear before the fatal news that *Giulietta Guicciardi* is to marry another. That news too the *Countess* breaks to him as to a child, and with disastrous results. In the last Act there is a measure of triumph, of dignified achievement and triumph over

disaster; but it is merely time and not the comfort of inner harmonies and inner strength which has earned this partial victory.

D. W.



A LITTLE THING OF HIS OWN

Princess Lichnowsky Miss ISOBEL ELSOM
Ludwig van Beethoven Mr. KENETH KENT
Giulietta Guicciardi Miss JANE BAXTER

business man veneered with a genuine respect for the arts.

Miss ISOBEL ELSOM, acting the part of *Princess Lichnowsky, Countess of*



HOME DETAILS ABOUT BEETHOVEN

Maria Miss FRANCES WARING
Herr Paul Nageli. Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH

Thun, makes her a timeless representative of the great lady who is proud to be the friend of the great artist. She might have belonged to

"HOUSEMASTER" (APOLLO)

Only a little distortion is needed here and there to turn the average public school into a fruitful field of farce, and no one knows better than Mr. IAN HAY how to do it.

His Marbledown is less of a caricature than most theatrical establishments, and two of his masters are types to be found in nearly every common-room. One is *Charles Donkin, alias the Moke*, hero of the play and the sort of master, now slowly dying out, who believes that boys are all the better for being barked at, keeps and freely yields a set of graded canes, compensates the victims with invitations to breakfast, clings to tradition like a leech and, in spite of such a jumble of methods, contrives to be much beloved for his fundamental fairness and kindness. He is played, very well, by Mr. FREDERICK LEISTER. The other, played with equal distinction by Mr. J. H. ROBERTS, is *Frank*

Hastings, the dry, ironic, rather lawyer-faced kind of master whose gold spectacles frame a suspicious twinkle and who can do what he likes with boys by half-persuading them that they bore him to death. The affectionate relationship of these two, long tempered by daily bickering over *The Times* Crossword, is good comedy. Farce stalks in with the gaunt person of the Rev. *Edmund Ovington*, a pompous young clergyman whose recent appointment to the headmastership is only one of several testimonies to the gross incompetence of the Board of Governors. Quite untypical, fortunately, of the young headmasters of to-day, this "smear," as the boys so aptly call him, has set about creating a scholastic dictatorship which will alter the whole character of the school; and the prime obstacle to this ambition, he soon finds, is the unashamed conservatism of his second-in-command.

Which would have won this tussle had it remained a straight fight (such as, in a much modified form, must be going at at many public schools to-day) we shall never know, for the well-entrenched position of the *Moke* is suddenly undermined by the arrival as his guests of the irresponsible daughters of his old, old love. The way in which these, participating in backless frocks in the spiritual life of Marbledown before turning their bedroom into a midnight cocktail-bar for dressing-gowned middle-formers, are nearly absorbed into its life says much for the elasticity of the school; but in the end their antics on their host's behalf force him into resignation, from which he and Marbledown are only saved by the merciful elevation of the headmaster to the new by-pass diocese of Outer London.

It is a weakness in the characters of *Rosemary* and *Chris* (attractively taken by the Misses ROSALYN BOULTER and ELIZABETH NOLAN) that, although they came from painting Paris as red as their own lips, one falls instantly for the inarticulate music-master and the other for a boy not yet a prefect; but in farce such a defect is nothing beside the fact that the evening is well-punctuated with laughs, which Mr. HAY times very surely.

The Bishop-Elect of the see of Kosikot and Dunromin is played with splendid self-sacrifice by Mr. P. KYNASTON REEVES; and we are indebted to Miss HILDA TREVELYAN for her

bustling *Aunt*, to Miss JOAN WHITE for her most engaging imp, *Button*, to Mr. H. G. STOKER for his amusing portrait of a *Governor*, and to various others for their ushers and scholars.

Term at Marbledown is likely to be indefinitely prolonged. ERIC.

Knots

"THERE'S a lot
In a knot,"
Bill'd say
While working away
With fingers as hard
As the tarred
Rough hemp that he'd fash-
ion and splice
With handiwork nice
And precise
Into many a seaman's de-
vice—
Turk's Head, stopper and
wall,
Matthew Walker and all.
"There's a lot
In a knot . . .

There's hitches and bends
Good enough for their ends
You make shift
With and cast 'em adrift,
And they're done . . .
There's others just fancy
fal-lals
Like the dollied-up gals
A man courts
In the ports
For his fun . . .
And there's some like the
one

(Or two, if he's lucky enough!)
Best pal a man finds in his puff,
That'll hold on and hold
Till Hell's cold
And beyond . . . There's a lot
In a knot." C. F. S.

Christmas Cards

MRS. STANLEY BALDWIN'S "Peter Rabbit" Committee is again selling Christmas cards to help the Invalid Children's Aid Association. These very attractive cards—which afford an excellent opportunity of solving the Christmas card problem and at the same time helping a most deserving cause—cost only 2d. each and may be obtained from the Hon. ANGELA BARING, Itchen Stoke Manor, Alresford, Hants.

"A stoker looked over the bows and was amazed to see a huge striped shark stuck on the stern."—*News Report*.
You can't do that on the *Queen Mary*.



NEW FRAME FOR AN OLD MASTER

Rosemary Faringdon . . . Miss ROSALYN BOULTER
Charles Donkin . . . Mr. FREDERICK LEISTER
Chris Faringdon . . . Miss ELIZABETH NOLAN



SPORTS GROUP

(MARLEDOWN COCKTAIL FOUR IN TRAINING)
Old Crump . . . Mr. LAURENCE KITCHIN
Bimbo Faringdon . . . Mr. TONY WICKHAM
Flossie Nightingale . . . Mr. HUMPHREY MORTON
Pop . . . Mr. DEREK BLOMFIELD

More Conversation with an Employer

"You asked me to remind you that you had an Idea yesterday evening, Mr. Pancatto."

"Miss Pin, you are invaluable. Invaluable. You know my infirmity—the toll taken by the years. In other words, Miss Pin, I never remember anything, and without you I should be lost. Reveal the hidden gem."

"I'm afraid you didn't tell me what the idea *was*. You just said you had one and that I was to ask you about it in the morning."

"Good heavens, Miss Pin, do you seriously mean to tell me that, knowing me as you do, you were content to leave it at that? That you retired, careless and unconcerned, to whatever district of the metropolis is privileged to count you amongst its ratepayers, without a pang of conscience, without the slightest stirring of a legitimate—a positively meritorious—curiosity as to the nature of this inspiration? Miss Pin, I am a man of few words, I believe, but this much I must and will say: You ought to have asked me."

"But I did."

"And I suppose that I was stricken with complete deafness or dumbness, or both, and unable to reply? No, no, Miss Pin. On no account attempt to palliate an error by prevarication. Forgive me if I remind you of a very, very well-known quotation anent the tangled web. All of us are human, and consequently liable to failure. Say no more. All that remains to be done now is to capture this elusive masterpiece. Probably the best idea I ever had in my life. Something tells me that it was. And it may well have had reference to the utter impossibility of my ever finding anything at all if people will persist in dusting my writing-table. Where, pray, is the ink-stand?"

"I think it may—yes. Behind the dictionary."

"Very well. If it were occasionally possible to refill it—Ye heavens, Miss Pin! how could I tell that the thing was brimming with ink? To my certain

knowledge it's been empty for weeks. The blotting-paper, I beg—and move my proofs, Miss Pin, and the correspondence-file. You can leave the photograph of the dear children—it's of no importance whatever. The whole miserable catastrophe reminds me that I ought to have a large square of fine linen always at hand to clean my pen on. I've been feeling the lack of it for years."

"There's a pen-wiper in the left-hand top-drawer. Here it is. Red-and-black flannel; and I don't think it's ever been used."

"Undoubtedly it has never been used. A most repellent article, purchased beyond a doubt at a bazaar—probably by one of my aunts. Besides,

the attics in my elder sister's house in Gloucestershire, or with my uncle's married daughter who lives in Kenya somewhere—and get hold of all the memoirs you can find that contain any references to the Royal Gherkins, commanded by my grandfather in '67. My aunt, I believe—the one in Scotland—has the correspondence that passed between my parents before their marriage—packets and packets of it. Send for it. Meanwhile I shall dictate to you by degrees everything that I can remember prior to my fifth birthday."

"Mr. Pancatto."

"After my fifth birthday I kept a diary. Spasmodically. But we can use it, with amplifications."

"Mr. Pancatto."

"Miss Pin?"

"I'm very, very sorry. I can't do it. I—I don't feel able to undertake the work."

"Miss Pin, I feel almost certain that my ears have deceived me. Or is this the Great Refusal—the parting of the ways?"

"Please, please don't put it like that. But I don't think you can have remembered that you've got the whole of the last half of *He Was Carried Away Screaming* to finish before January, and the series of articles on *Criminal Peculiarities*, and your lectures for the American tour to get ready, and the short stories for *The Pumpkin Annual*."

"And why, pray, have you allowed me to involve myself in obligations that there is not the slightest human probability of my being able to meet? Merciful powers, Miss Pin! Have you failed to realise that I'm only flesh and blood—that I am unable to perform impossibilities? And then you talk of my undertaking a colossal work like an autobiography! Do you wish to kill me? And as though that were not enough, the cat is at the window at this very moment deliberately asking to be let out. Thank you, Miss Pin. Be so very obliging as to take down the following notes for *Criminal Peculiarities*, with especial reference to the behaviour of secretaries."

E. M. D.



"THE OLD MAN'S GO-AHEAD."

"YES, HE'S THE FIRST IN THIS TOWN TO PUT THE CUTIE INTO PHARMACEUTICAL."

flannel comes off in hairs. Enough to ruin any nib."

"I could get you another one, not flannel. There's a very soft kind of leather they use sometimes."

"I have no doubt they do. I see that I have failed—utterly failed—to make my requirements clear to you. What I had in mind was a *large* square of *linen*. Plain, fine linen."

"I see. More like a pocket-handkerchief. I'll make a note of it."

"Thank you, Miss Pin, I am indeed obliged. Ever since I was a child—and that, Miss Pin, brings me straight to my point. The Idea that we thought lost to us has returned to me. I propose to write my autobiography."

"Autobiography. I've made a note of it, Mr. Pancatto."

"Make a note to look up all the old photograph albums—there are hundreds of them somewhere, probably in

"Lady will keep piano in return for its use."—*Advt. in Daily Press*.

We do the same thing with umbrellas.

The Overcoat

WE poets are not a dressy crowd, and I should probably not have bought a new overcoat if I had not left a lighted pipe in the pocket of the old one which reduced the whole thing to a mere pile of buttons. Even a poet cannot keep off the wintry wind with a handful of buttons. It was a good overcoat in its day, built specially for my brother-in-law in '22. A grand shapeless coat that I could put under the seat at the cinema without fear of spoiling it.

"Buy a ready-made one," said Edith. "You are constructed on such peculiar lines that when you have clothes made to measure the tailor invariably loses his reason halfway through the job and the finished garment makes you look like nothing on earth."

So I walked into a large shop and said that I wanted an overcoat. Something quiet.

"I want an overcoat that I can wear," I said, "not an overcoat that will wear me. My last-but-one overcoat had so much personality that when I went out the overcoat had the air of having decided to take a stroll and allowed me to go out with it for company. I want a mild retiring sort of overcoat."

He brought forward a loathsome thing of heavy check pattern, and I recoiled.

"Just to try the size," he said firmly, and enveloped me in it.

It was quite a good fit, but I begged him to remove it as quickly as possible.

"It has far too much personality," I said. "Already I can feel myself getting interested in the result of the 3.30, and if I stand at a street-corner I'm quite sure people will give me betting-slips."

He whisked it off and handed me a quiet model in dark grey. Rather a clerical-looking coat. Examining myself in the glass, I could not help feeling that I had wasted my life and that my proper vocation had been the Church. In this coat I felt I would be patting little boys on the head and asking them why they didn't turn up for choir-practice on Sunday, and was mother's bronchitis any easier? Hastily I removed it, and he held out a big tweed coat with a high collar. I struggled into it, and felt like a snail peeping out of his shell. I peered in the glass and realised for the first time what an insignificant sort of face I have got. I looked like a timid faun.

"That coat looks splendid," said the



man enthusiastically. He was right; the coat *did* look splendid. It seemed an insult to ask it to wear me, but I felt so crushed that I couldn't argue with the man. All my combative ness was stifled, and I saw myself growing old wearing that coat and never having the pluck to stand up to anybody about anything. I tried to tell him to take the thing away and hide it, but the coat dominated me. I saw a much nicer coat hanging on a peg, but I let the man make out the bill, and I should probably have gone home wearing the thing if he hadn't asked me to take it off so that he could remove the labels. I felt much better when it was off, but it had cowed me to such an extent that I simply hadn't the courage to tell him I didn't like it.

Idly, however, I took the other coat from the peg and tried it on. It was a beautiful fit, and it had as much personality as the other, but it was a

different sort of personality. It obviously regarded me as a weaker brother who needed bracing up, and it proceeded to throw back my shoulders and stick out my chest, and generally give me an air of manly assurance. The face that looked back at me from the glass was a bold-looking face, with an air of quiet decision. Not at all the sort to be bullied by a tailor's assistant with a small untidy black moustache and a tape-measure hanging round his neck.

"I will take this one," I said firmly.

"You can't," he said, "it belongs to that gentleman over there who is choosing plus-fours. I'm sure you can't do better than this one, Sir."

He removed the kind beautiful coat and forced me into the monstrosity, which seemed to chuckle possessively. I walked out into the street a slave; and a slave I shall remain until I can pluck up courage to leave a lighted pipe in the pocket of the accursed thing.

The Family Tree

It can be traced back to one Félice, who chewed olives from his pocket and spat out the stones while cutting heather. Cutting heather again a few years later, he found one growing, and built a little wall of loose granite round it as the usual mark of exclusive possession.

It was a fool of an olive-tree, stunted, bent and nearly leafless, on a wind-swept hill of heather. Its best recorded year's output was half-a-kilo of furry caterpillars. And it was in the way of the new road Charles and I are constructing. All of which seemed to endear it to the peasants of Vouzela.

Charles in the matter of road construction is the straightest man I know. Nature's abhorrence of a vacuum is a mere passing whim compared to Charles's abhorrence of a curve in any road he is making. EINSTEIN he considers a danger to civil engineering. Setting down starting- and finishing-points as dots on a plan, he draws a straight line between them, and woe betide any obstacle found to be in the way. If a pyramid was encountered he would tunnel through it.

So that as the road approached the peasantry became apprehensive. Property is property to the Portuguese peasant. Mining Rights give you the right to mine, *if you can*. Water Rights give you the right to buy any water from the peasants that they don't want. Surface Rights, they will agree, certainly give you the surface but involve you in compensation if you cut the heather and fern on it. If the olive-tree of the descendants of the one-time Félice was to be destroyed with impunity, it would be a precedent. Nobody's property would be safe. "Did the blue papers from Lisbon sanction the destruction of the olive-tree?" No. "Was the olive-tree marked on the map?" No. Well, then, there you were!

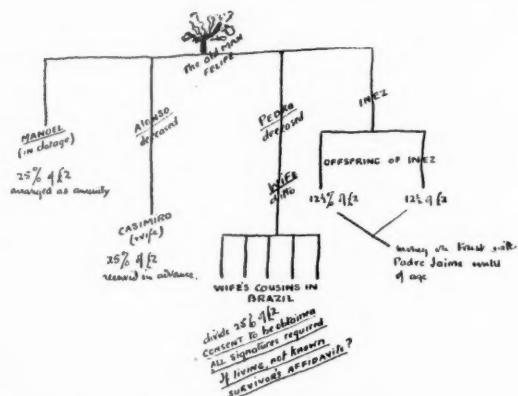
The village of Vouzela appointed a "Comitada" to visit Charles on the job. It was headed by the little Mayor, Senhor Cavalho de Casabranco, in brass regalia, a triangular highwayman's hat, and bicycle-clips round his ankles. With the utmost civility they asked, "Would the olive-tree of Casimira Goncalves be in the way of the Senhors Inglesias?"

"Not for long," answered Charles brightly, in the vernacular. "We shall reach it to-morrow. No trouble at all; nice of you to ask about it."

Followed a Portuguese rendering of "You can't do that there 'ere," which is nothing like as simple as that. At 10 A.M. the Comitada were in deliberation. At mid-day they were still talking, so Charles sent for five litres of red wine from the cantina. At 4 P.M. this was repeated to celebrate the decision of Charles to pay the said lady, Casimira Goncalves, two pounds as compensation for all future and highly improbable olives.

Quite simple, you say (if you don't know Portugal). But news of the financial windfall spread. Thicker and faster than thieves in Vallombrosa came descendants of, relations to, and connections with the original Félice the olive-planter. "Who was this Casimira Goncalves to assume all the vested rights and entail of the venerable Félice (whom the Saints hold in their lap)?" "Was this two pounds for the good little olive-tree to be hers?" "Then what of Manoel, son of Félice, who was in equally advanced stages of debt and dotage? And Pedro, his brother's descendants? And the sister of them, Inez, who was a widow with two daughters? And had not the grasping Casimira only married into the Goncalves family to secure a share in the olive-tree, and now was she to have it all?"

Charles and I had to work it out. It's the sort of thing to gladden the heart of a Public Trustee, but a bit of a nuisance to put a thing like this in the accounts; but it's the only way we could show it:—



You see how we dealt with those on the spot. But the cousins in Brazil were a snag, and the olive-tree looked like being thrown into Chancery. Delays and haggling were suddenly enhanced by the mule of Joao Cristofero, our road foreman, which, finding itself tethered to the olive-tree, halved its size and doubled its value by eating off all the lower branches. We were not yet the owners. Compensation claims rose far above purchase price, and Silvestre Goncalves applied for an injunction on behalf of the Brazilian cousins.

Things looked black, and Charles almost contemplated a curve in the road, when Joao Cristofero suggested something blacker. Black magic. In other words, Maria da Costa. Maria is a witch and our friend, and if it were not for her age would have a vast future before her.

Maria was well known to have revelations. All Vouzela knew that Maria had visions and could charm away warts, the evil eye—everything except tax-collectors. Joao Cristofero said she could probably charm away the olive-tree.

His negotiations with Maria revealed that twenty-five escudos-worth of black magic would about do.

That evening in the crowded cantina a few escudos-worth of "aguardiente" brought on a quite genuine second-sight for Maria, and in hysterical communion with her familiar spirit she revealed the fact that gold, much gold, was buried beneath one of the trees in Vouzela.

Excited owners of trees present in the cantina inquired what kind.

Maria was "not quite sure. A little more 'aguardiente' might help. Ah! it was not a walnut—that was clear."

Lack of interest at once on the part of three owners of walnut-trees present.

"It was—it was (a little more 'aguardiente' might help to make things clearer—obrigada!) not a chestnut, not even a cork-tree—but there was a terra-cotta pot with much gold—'Muinto Oro'—in it, and it was buried under a little tree that was bent." (Here the familiar spirit became more distant and faded out.)

Good enough. Take out walnut, chestnut and cork-trees and you don't leave much in Vouzela. Add the fact that it was a little tree, and bent, and that a little bent tree has been the sole topic in the village for a month.

* * * * *

The way for the road is clear. Of the olive remains not



"BEDSOCKS FOR CHRISTMAS, MAM. OH, THANK YOU, MAM. BUT COULD I HAVE THEM RED, WHITE AND BLUE FOR THE CORONATION ? "

a rootlet or a leaf. Of the little stone wall there is no sign. Charles says that after a couple of days filling up excavations the road can go ahead. I don't know what the cousins in Brazil will say about it.

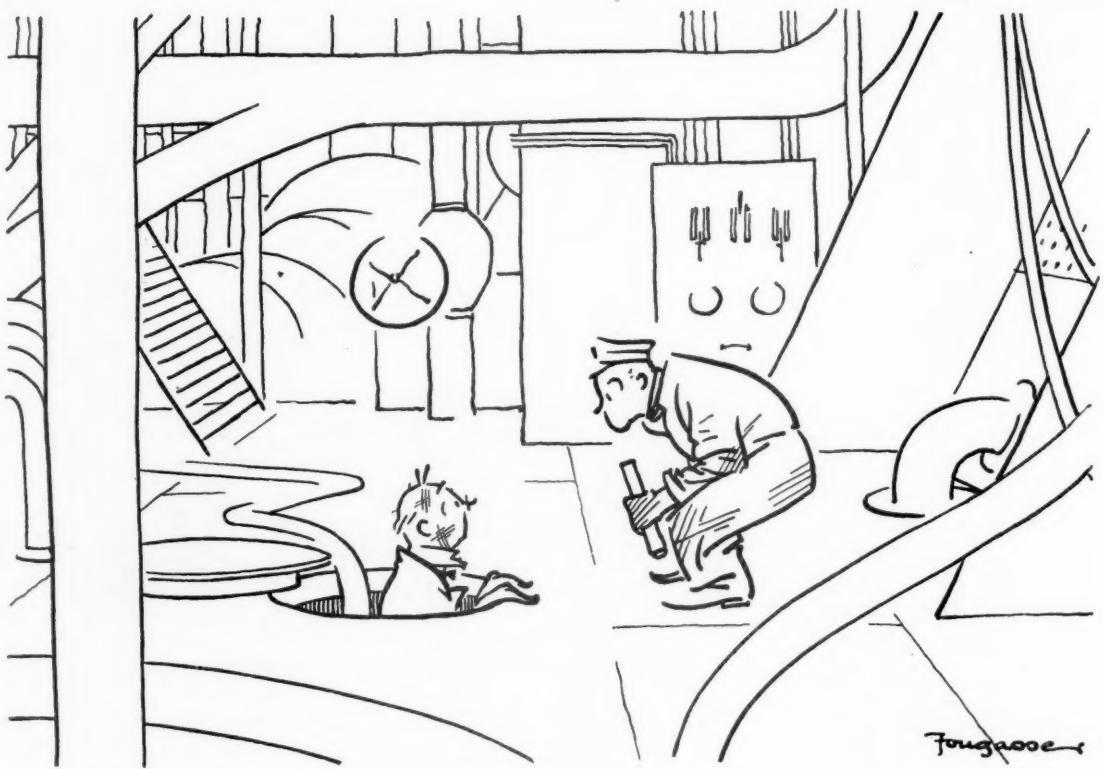
T. R. H.

The New Movement

I SING the coming age
Of health for all,
When brawny stunts shall be the rage
In cottage and in Hall,
And everyone tosses such things as the javelin,
the caber and medicine-ball.

Crooner and movie-star
And flying ace,
Who, women being what they are,
Have held exalted place,
Take warning, the chap with big biceps and
torso is going to make the pace.

Hail to the broadened chest
And rippling line
That shall with muscled grace invest
The human form divine!
(Valhalla will rock to an old sergeant's laughter
should ever that form be mine.) D. C.



"WELL, I WAS REALLY LOOKING FOR MY CABIN ON 'G' DECK, BUT I THINK I MUST HAVE LOST MY WAY."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Dictatorship in the Making

DR. FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN, Professor of Political Science at the University of Chicago, has written a book called *Hitler and the Nazi Dictatorship* (ROBERT HALE, 10/6), which claims to be a thorough study of the Nazi movement and its leaders. It is a work suited rather to earnest students than to the general reader, who will probably flinch before he gets half-way through these five hundred-odd pages of close print. Yet the story of the rise to power of ADOLF HITLER is interesting enough if not handled in too professorial a manner. It was in 1919 that he joined the German Labour Party, which had been established by ANTON DREXLER, a "somewhat muddle-headed young locksmith." He declared afterwards, in *Mein Kampf*, that this was the most fateful decision in his life. Yet it certainly did not promise much at the start. He was member No. 7 of the inner group—which indeed then comprised the whole party—a party without press, funds or organisation. Seven only appeared at the first general meeting. Then thirteen, then seventeen, twenty-three, thirty-four. It grew and grew—until the disastrous Munich "Putsch" of 1923. Then the movement was dissolved, its property confiscated, and its leaders cast into prison or forced into hiding or exile. But the FÜHRER himself was released after fourteen months and resumed

his campaign, though eschewing revolutionary methods. Now, according to our author, he has won the early engagements of the next war without firing a shot.

The Missionary Journeys

Most of us groaned in our youth as we followed ST. PAUL on the missionary journeys; Mr. H. V. MORTON is rather courageous to travel a route so closely associated with the first lesson on Monday mornings. Moreover in following *In the Steps of St. Paul* (RICH and COWAN, 7/6) he is handicapped by the success of KEMAL ATATURK in eliminating the last vestiges of the immemorial East from the regions of Anatolia. Even Athens and Corinth have little in common with the cities which ST. PAUL visited, especially as most of our author's remarks about the latter city refer to the city destroyed in 146 B.C., not to the city rebuilt a century later. Moreover Mr. MORTON has fallen into the common mistake of supposing that ST. PAUL came across "Oriental sex-cults" and similar mysteries of iniquity. Most of his hearers were quite respectable people. Still, the reader who likes the narrative of the New Testament, interpreted in the main according to Sir WILLIAM RAMSAY, fitted into a lively account of the curious methods by which Mr. MORTON travelled, the curious people whom Mr. MORTON met and the curious meals which Mr. MORTON ate, will find here a very lively and readable guide to the history and principal objects of interest of the great cities of the Levant. If his excursions into New Testament criticism are at

times temerarious, he disarms the critic by his preliminary apologies.

Truth About Animals

If I were a coot or a gnu
Or a cobra, a whale or a whiting,
BOULENGER, E. G., would be hearing
from me

In the matter of scurrilous writing.
They're inferior beings, it's true,
But if I were one of the crowd
His zeal to reveal what they'd gladly
conceal
Would certainly not be allowed.

His *Searchlight on Animals* (HALE)
Exhibits the mischievous fun
He makes of their lives and those of
their wives
By letting them down with a run;
But I, though an animal, own
To a grade by comparison high,
And I don't get enough of such readable
stuff,
So let him continue, say I.

A Way Out (?)

Alongside industrialism there has grown up a mass of indictment of what one might call the dock-to-nettle order. If you have got to be stung by the beastly thing you must at least have an antidote handy. Mr. UPTON SINCLAIR's antidote is to get machinery and other means of production into the hands of the unemployed—a practical matter for the unemployed, no political offence given or intended. The heroes of *Co-Op* (WERNER LAURIE, 7/6) meet in an empty sewer-pipe—four, it appears, can sleep in a Californian sewer-pipe—and, with English experiments in the mind of the most intelligent of them, get going on a system of labour for points which have the purchasing power of currency. The author, I believe, sunk most of the proceeds of *The Jungle* in a similar enterprise; and, though his novel reads rather like a Zolaesque assemblage of dossiers, there is vivid experience and real feeling at the back of it. He is perhaps too zealous for the "collective mind," too easy in dismissing the chances of individual ownership and family life. You feel that he would probably assert that these were gone past salvaging.

"The Heaviest Man in the World"

There are half-a-dozen sound reasons for writing a Life of General MONCK, whom PEPYS stigmatised in Post-Restoration days as above, but added that he was "stout and honest for his country." To-day, when the bulk of MONCK's fellow-countrymen—and decent folk further afield—are threatened by the clash of two parties equally detestable to them, it is exhilarating to encounter a sturdy patriot who got through a civil war with personal safety, national usefulness and no notable loss of dignity. This is the career vivaciously described by Mr. J. D. GRIFFITH



"'ERE'S NEWS. QUICKSILVER IS FOURTEEN QUID A FLASK."
"DON'T MATTER TO ME; I'VE ALLUS STUCK TO BEER."

DAVIES, who sees *Honest George Monck* (JOHN LANE, 12/6) pitchforked into the navy of CHARLES I., fighting as a soldier for the Dutch against the Spaniards and for the English in Ireland, opposing the Dutch at sea and campaigning for the Parliament in Scotland; but so national a Parliamentarian that he forced the Rump to take back its excluded members, knowing that a representative Parliament would recall CHARLES II. MONCK's naval career is treated with circumstantial detail and illuminated by interesting despatches. A small point omitted is his connection with the development of Carolina, in whose charter of 1663 he figures with ASHLEY and CLARENDRON.

An Ulsterman Abroad

When Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE accompanied the Hellenic Club on *A Journey to Jerusalem* (HAMILTON, 10/6) he was

sailing, so to speak, under false colours. There is, to revive MATTHEW ARNOLD's antithesis, much more of Hebraism than of Hellenism in his composition. It matters little that, like an equally famous playwright, he has no Greek: the deficiency does not discourage him from dealing faithfully with PLATO and EURIPIDES. But he is aggressively indifferent to antiquity as such, and turned an ostentatious back on many a sight or site which his less fastidious companions went travelling to see. His admiration for the great excavators is based on the canons of SAMUEL SMILES. It is all to the good that a dramatist should be more interested in living men than in lifeless stones, but Mr. ERVINE's charity is very exclusive. He has his moments of enthusiasm—on the Acropolis, in St. Sophia, under Mount Hebron—but they are few and far between; and he fills in the gaps with captious commentary on this and that or a recapitulation of the New Testament story which does not better the original. The trouble is that, however far he may travel, he never really quits his puritanical and pugnacious homeland. In the fabled streets of Damascus, on the ringing plains of windy Troy, he draws his ulster closely and complacently about him.

Heroic Musicians

Mr. ERIC FENBY, a young Yorkshire organist and an admirer of DELIUS, volunteered to act as amanuensis to the composer when he was lying blind and helpless at his home in France. The offer was gratefully accepted and Mr. FENBY lived at GREZ for five years, during which he performed the task, miraculous to non-musical people, of transcribing from DELIUS's dictation, for he could not use his hands or play the piano, the orchestral compositions which took shape in his brain. Mr. FENBY tells his story, in *Delius as I Knew Him* (BELL, 8/6), with mingled veneration and candour, for, though a devoted admirer of DELIUS's work, he was fully alive to his curious limitations, his dislike of English music and especially Church music, his lack of interest in literature, and he was poles apart from his views on religion. It was a strange but most happy and successful collaboration. Another and even a more remarkable example of the conquest of infirmity is to be found in *A Blind Musician Looks Back* (BLACKWOOD, 15/6). The author, Dr. ALFRED HOLLINS, was born blind, yet his natural talent, fortified by invincible perseverance and courage, enabled him to achieve a distinguished position as an organist, composer and expert authority on organ construction. He has travelled widely and given recitals in America, Canada and Australia, and appeared at concerts with JOACHIM and other famous performers. I can speak of his achievements from personal knowledge, for I heard

and greatly admired his playing at the Crystal Palace under MANNS many years ago.

Behind the Purdah

That famous figure, Miss CORNELIA SORABJI, has compiled a second book of reminiscences under the title *India Recalled* (NISBET, 12/6). Her unique experience of zenanas and her all-embracing sympathy render interesting everything which she writes. She is the peerless authority on the inner side of Indian family life. It is an extraordinary and even extravagant world which she describes, but under her guidance we come to understand that things are not so grotesque as they appear. Here are pathos and nobility in plenty; first-hand contacts with holy men, lawyers, heroines, outcasts and pundits. Readers with some knowledge of Indian ways will gain more from these pages, while the untravelled will find themselves gently introduced to the most complex society in existence.

Conflicting Opinions

Some months ago Mr. A. D. DIVINE wrote a sensational story, *They Blocked the Suez Canal*, which, it is not surprising to hear, "very nearly caused a diplomatic incident." Now he has followed that adventure with *Escape from Spain* (METHUEN, 3/6), and *John Rafferty* once more finds himself faced with a situation that in more ways than one is exceedingly dangerous. As an irresponsible filibuster Rafferty maintains his form and reputation, but this story of rescue, though exciting enough, lacks the central idea which made the tale of

blockade especially pertinent. And as regards Spain, fiction, at the moment, is in danger of being eclipsed by fact.

Number One

In a preface to *The Squash Rackets Annual, 1936-7* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 5/-), its editor, Mr. HUBERT WINTERBOTHAM, states that the publication of such a volume is long overdue. So it is; but now that it has appeared it can be welcomed wholeheartedly as a most informing and comprehensive book of reference. Such experts as F. D. AMR BEY, Captain VICTOR CAZALET and Mr. CHARLES READ help to make the book invaluable to anyone interested in this deservedly popular game.

Mr. R. S. CLEMENT-BROWN, who for several years contributed to *Punch* over the initials "C. B.", has collected many of his poems and prose articles under the title of *Exploring the Avenues* (HEFFER AND SON, 5/-). The book, to which Mr. Punch extends his best wishes, is illustrated by "FOUGASSE."